

# THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Volume 2.—Number 97.

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## THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Published every Wednesday,  
BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
\$1.50 when left by the Carrier.

Office, on Washington Street,  
(First door above the Post-Office.)  
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Time.	1sq.	2sq.	3sq.	4sq.	5sq.	6sq.	7sq.	8sq.	9sq.	10sq.
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1 mo.	5.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	50.00
2 mo.	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	50.00	60.00	70.00	80.00	90.00	100.00
3 mo.	15.00	30.00	45.00	60.00	75.00	90.00	105.00	120.00	135.00	150.00
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folio for the first and twenty-five cents per folio  
for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements unaccompanied with written  
or verbal directions, will be published until  
ordered out, and charged for. When a postponement  
is added to an advertisement, the whole  
will be charged, the same as for the first insertion.

### Job Print, etc.

All kinds of Book, Card, Post-Bill, Catalogue  
or Fancy Printing done on short notice, and at  
reasonable rates. Blanks of all kinds, printed to  
order, with neatness and despatch.

Patronage is respectfully solicited.  
Letters relating to business, to receive atten-  
tion, must be addressed to the Publishers.

J. & J. W. BARNES, PUBLISHERS.

### BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**S. R. Sanford**, Sheriff of Ottawa Co.,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**James P. Scott**, Clerk and Register  
of Ottawa County, and Notary Public, Office  
at the Court House.

**Timothy Fletcher**, Deputy County  
Clerk and Register of Deeds, Justice of the  
Peace and Notary Public.

**George Parks**, Treasurer of Ottawa  
County, Grand Haven, Mich.

**Atwood Brothers**, Counselors at  
Law, Office, up stairs, 2nd. door above the  
News Office, Washington St., Grand Haven.  
W. S. ATWOOD. J. LANGDON ATWOOD.

**Rasch & Fiebig**, Wagon-Makers—  
in all of its departments. Shop, corner of  
Canal (west side), and Bridge Streets, Grand  
Rapids, Mich. [ly 66]

**American House**, Muskegon, Mich.  
H. W. Sears, Proprietor. This House is now  
well furnished in all respects for the accom-  
modation of the public and pleasantly located  
opposite the Steamboat landing. Persons vis-  
iting Muskegon are invited to call. [64 m6]

**Frank C. Stuart**, Watch and Clock  
Maker, and Repairer, Washington Street Gr.  
Haven, Michigan. A New and select assort-  
ment of Clocks, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, &c.,  
just received. Prices low and terms cash.—  
Patronage of the Public respectfully solicited.  
Grand Haven, March 21st, 1880.—[64 ft]

**J. B. McNett**, Physician and Surgeon.  
Office, second door above News Office, Wash-  
ington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

**S. Munroe**, Physician and Surgeon.  
Office at his residence, Washington street,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**Augustus W. Taylor** Judge of  
Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address  
Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third  
Mondays of each Month.

**Charles E. Cole**, County Surveyor,  
Civil Engineer and Leveler. Post-Office Ad-  
dress: Berlin, Ottawa County, Mich.

**George E. Hubbard**, Dealer in  
Stoves, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spike,  
Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's  
Files; and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and  
Sheet-Iron Ware. Job work done on short  
notice. Corner of Washington and First Sts.,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**Wm. M. Ferry Jr.**, Manufacturer  
of Stationary and Marine, high or low pres-  
sure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass  
Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg,  
Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand  
Haven, Mich.

**John H. Newcomb**, Dealer in Dry  
Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hard-  
ware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street,  
Mill Point, Mich.

**William Wallace**, Grocer and Pro-  
vision Merchant. One door below the Post  
Office, Washington Street.

**Cutler, Warts & Stedgman**, Deal-  
ers in General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt,  
Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St.,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**Miner Hedges**, Proprietor of the Lam-  
ont Premium Mills, dealer in Merchandise,  
Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and  
Mill Feed, Shingles, &c., &c. Lamont, Otta-  
wa County, Michigan.

**Noah Perkins**, Dealer in Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware,  
Boots and Shoes, &c. Opposite the store of  
J. H. Newcomb, State St., Mill Point, Mich.

**J. T. Davis**, Merchant Tailor, Dealer  
in Gents Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-  
simeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St.  
next door to the Drug Store.

**Lewis Porter**, Manufacturer of and  
Dealer in Clothing Goods. No. 16, Canal St.,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Ferry & Son**, Manufacturers and  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shin-  
gles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Of-  
fices, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and  
236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

**Robinson & Co.**, Billiard Saloon, (up  
stairs), second door east of the Ottawa House,  
Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

## THE UNION.

May God save the Union! God grant it may  
stand.

The pride of our people—the boast of our land.  
Still, still 'mid the storm may our banner float  
free,

Unrent and unruin'd o'er earth and o'er sea.

May God save the Union! We trust in its might!  
In the time of the tempest, in fear and in flight,  
We'll fall not, we'll faint not, if still in the sky  
We can see ALL the stars in the azure field fly!

May God save the Union! The red, white and  
blue;

Keep our States still united the dreary day thro'.  
Let the stars tell the tale of the glorious past,  
And bind us in Union, forever to last.

May God save the Union! Still, still may it  
stand,

Upheld by the prayers of the patriot band!  
To cement it, our fathers ensanguined the sod,  
To keep it, we kneel to a merciful God.

### A GOOD DIALOGUE.

[The scene of the following interesting  
Dialogue is that of two farmers on op-  
posite sides of a fence. Mr. Smith, who  
has beside him a basket of very small po-  
tatoes, is leaning on the fence looking wist-  
fully over at Mr. Jones, who is digging  
a splendid crop of big potatoes. A pic-  
ture of the scene was prepared with the  
original dialogue, and should be here, but  
we have not the engraving at hand. The  
dialogue is pleasing and instructive, and  
and should be read by every one.]

"The Potatoes, they are small,  
Over there, over there."—Old Song.

Mr. Smith—How is it, neighbor Jones,  
that your potatoes are so large and fine,  
while just over the fence, on similar soil,  
mine are as small as pullet's eggs, and  
precious few at that?

Mr. Jones—I manured this field with  
brains.

Mr. Smith—Pshaw! All the Cin-  
cinnati hog-killers couldn't supply brains  
enough for this ten-acre field.

Mr. Jones—I used human brains, of  
which they are plenty.

Mr. Smith—Nonsense. Now don't  
make fun of me because I'm unlucky, and  
Providence has sent you a good crop.

Mr. Jones—Providence helps those  
who help themselves. I used my own  
brains on this field.

Mr. Smith—So did I mine, and they  
are as good as anybody's.

Mr. Jones—Ah! There's the trouble.  
You know it all yourself. I don't, and  
so I get all the outside help I can. I've  
been collecting other men's brains for my  
land for twenty years, and you see one re-  
sult in this crop.

Mr. Smith—Yes, I see the result, but  
I don't understand it.

Mr. Jones—Well, when we began  
here, twenty years ago, I thought myself  
a good farmer, but I believed others had  
good ideas, too, and I made it my busi-  
ness to get at their thoughts; some I  
found in agricultural books and papers,  
others I picked up at the County Fairs,  
by asking how the big things were raised,  
and often I've got a good hint from a  
neighbor.

Mr. Smith—I've always been down  
on this "book farming," but your crops  
stagger me, they're real knock-down ar-  
guments. I'm sick of the poor show I  
get for all my work, and am desperate  
enough to try anything for improvement.

Mr. Jones—I'll give you my experi-  
ence; it may aid you. About nineteen  
years ago I heard that some men who  
had been brought up on farms had club-  
bed together, and one of them was going  
to publish a paper, which should consist  
mainly of accounts of how different farm-  
ers cultivated various crops, and such like  
matters. I sent for the paper and have  
done so every year since, and now I have  
nineteen large volumes, every page of  
which I have read, a little at a time, and  
the whole has not cost the produce of a  
single acre. Why, I am astonished when  
I think over the ten thousand thoughts,  
and hints, and suggestions I have thus  
gathered. What a blank would be left  
in my head, if these thoughts were taken  
away.

Mr. Smith—But does the practice of  
farmers on other kinds of soil and with a  
different climate, suit your wants?

Mr. Jones—Why no, not exactly per-  
haps. But then, every thought I get  
from another, starts a new thought to my  
own mind, and thus I am constantly im-  
proving my own skill and practice. You  
see I get all the brains I can from other  
men's heads, and compost them well in  
my own head with a mixture of common  
sense, and then make the application to  
my fields. In that way I have manured  
this crop of potatoes with plenty of brains.  
The editor called here last week on his  
Western tour among farmers, and seeing  
my good crops, he asked me to write out  
just how I have treated this field for years  
past, and I promised to do it as soon as  
as my crops are gathered. He will prob-  
ably print it, as he constantly prints all  
such practical matters, and perhaps a  
hundred thousand persons will read it;  
and though nobody else may do just as  
I do, many will get a new hint, and im-

prove upon it. You may read it if you  
will.

Mr. Smith—I would like to borrow  
your paper.

Mr. Jones—Better take it yourself, for  
then you will be more likely to read it.  
You will find hundreds of plain talks  
about various kinds of crops, during a  
single year. One hint gave five bushels  
of corn on each acre of a large field in a  
single year.

Mr. Smith—I can't afford to take it  
this year.

Mr. Jones—You would think nothing  
of spending two cents a week for extra  
tobacco, or candy, and that's all the pa-  
per will cost. How little a week it costs  
to supply yourself and family with a large  
amount of information through a good  
paper.

Mr. Smith—What are the politics of  
that paper?

Mr. Jones—It doesn't touch politics.  
It is devoted to such subjects as Field  
and Garden crops, Animals, etc., and has,  
besides, a good deal about Woman's  
Work, which wife says is worth more than  
ten times the few pounds of butter it  
costs to pay for the paper. Then there is  
also a department for the young folks  
containing many things which please the  
children—not mere trashy stuff, such as  
is too often printed for them, but infor-  
mation that will have a good influence  
on them. I would sell a dozen bushels  
of wheat to have my young people get  
the good reading in that paper, but the  
average price of one bushel will pay for  
it a year. My John says he can pay for  
it easy with the eggs from two or three  
hens. If I was a mechanic or merchant,  
and had only a little garden, I should take  
the paper to tell me how to make the best  
use of the little plot; and if I had not a  
foot of land I should still want it for my  
wife and children.

Mr. Smith—Does the editor know  
anything about farming?

Mr. Jones—The editor who owns and  
publishes the paper was brought up on a  
farm, where he learned to work. He has  
studied all the books on farming, and ex-  
perimented for years in the laboratory, and  
has besides, traveled all over the country  
to see what was doing. Then he has  
several associates—Farmers, Gardeners,  
and Housekeepers, who know what they  
write about, and among them all they do  
gather up a wonderful lot of information  
every year. The language, too, is so  
plain, so like talking with you, that I en-  
joy reading it. Then, too, every paper  
has engravings, which show one exactly  
how animals and plants, and implements,  
and household furniture look, much better  
than words could describe them. Among  
these are plans of buildings, that help  
one to plan others; and also many fine  
large pictures, which are worth more than  
the cost of the whole volume.

Mr. Smith—I suppose those engrav-  
ings and descriptions are partly to help  
the editor sell implements or fertilizers.

Mr. Jones—Not at all. The editor  
keeps nothing of the sort to sell, so that  
he may be perfectly free to praise or con-  
demn anything, according as it may be  
valuable or worthless to his readers. You  
would laugh to see how he comes down  
on poor inventions, patent manures and  
all kinds of humbugs.

Mr. Smith—Is the paper adapted to  
our part of the country?

Mr. Jones—Exactly. Soil and crops  
and climates differ, but the general principles  
of cultivation are the same every where,  
and here is the benefit of a paper pub-  
lished for the whole country. Every  
reader gets new ideas by learning what is  
done somewhere else; and further, I find  
that the paper has letters from every  
part of the country, and one or more as-  
sociate editors in different sections, so  
that we get information from many regions  
and our own too. One thing I must  
mention particularly. The editor is con-  
stantly warning his readers against hum-  
bugs, telling how sharpers take the ad-  
vantage of people. Why, I was just  
going to send a dollar for an article ad-  
vertised in glowing colors, when I found  
it showed up as a humbug in this paper.  
But I can not stop to talk more now  
—I have such a lot of potatoes to harvest.

Mr. Smith—I wish I had. I must try  
that paper a year, and see what there is  
in it. I can manage to save two cents a  
week.

Mr. Jones—Never fear. If you don't  
find it pays, I'll buy your copies at cost, for  
my boys to keep.

Mr. Smith—What did you say the  
paper is called?

Mr. Jones—The American Agricul-  
tural. It is published in New-York City.

The editor, though one of our country  
farmers, and living in this country, finds  
he can publish it cheaper there, where  
printing, and paper, and mailing facilities  
are all convenient.

Mr. Smith—How shall I get it?

Mr. Jones—Simply inclose a dollar  
bill in a letter, giving your name, Post  
Office, county, and State plainly, and  
direct to ORANGE JUDG, 41 Park Row,  
New York City.

Mr. Smith—When does a volume be-  
gin?

Mr. Jones—The twentieth volume  
begins Jan. 1st, but all who send in the  
first

dollar now, get the remaining numbers  
of this year, in addition to the whole of  
next year's. So if you subscribe now,  
you get fourteen months' papers. The  
proprietor also offers some valuable pre-  
miums to those who get up lists of sub-  
scribers. Send for the paper, and you  
may afterwards find it well worth while  
to make up a club. Some 1700 persons  
have got good premiums in this way  
during two years. Some of your German  
neighbors would join you, perhaps, for  
the *Agriculturalist* is printed separately  
in German. I did intend to start a club  
myself, but I have so many potatoes to  
dig, I can not get the time. My sister-  
in-law in Iowa, got up a club last year,  
and received a premium of a \$50 Wheel-  
er & Wilson sewing machine; an old  
acquaintance in Wisconsin got two or  
three good farming implements, and a  
young nephew of mine in Ohio got a  
beautiful copy of Webster's great Dic-  
tionary. These things only cost them a  
little time, showing the paper evenings  
and election day. Send in your sub-  
scription and the first paper will tell you  
all about the premiums. I forgot to tell  
you that every year the publisher also  
sends out to all his subscribers who want  
them a lot of choice garden and field  
seeds.

Mr. Smith—What does he charge for  
them?

Mr. Jones—Nothing; they are sent free,  
except the postage. They are the best  
kind and one single parcel I got last year  
was worth more to me than the price of  
the paper.

Mr. Smith—I'll try it a year, any way;  
if half what you say is true it will be a  
good investment.

Mr. Jones—You'll find every word I  
have said true.

Mr. Smith—I'll send this very night,  
while in the spirit of it.

Mr. Jones—Do it, and you'll always  
thank me for this talk. Good day, I  
must hurry up digging my potatoes, I've  
such a lot of them—thanks to a hint in  
the *Agriculturalist*.

Mr. Smith—How do you say I should  
direct the letter containing the dollar?

Mr. Jones—To Orange Judg, 41  
Park Row, New York City.

### Woman's Courage.

No one can have read the statement of  
the clerk of the steamer, which went  
down on Friday night, without being  
struck by his description of the bearing of  
the ladies. "They were pale but silent;  
there was not a cry or a shriek." The  
fortitude and resignation of men may  
have failed, but theirs failed not. So  
it is always in the great exigencies which  
women are called to meet. When  
troubles or danger are but slight, they  
are more excited and alarmed than men.  
But let an overwhelming calamity bury  
the fortune and hopes of the husband  
or father or brother in sudden night, let  
disease or accident strike him down and  
stretch him on the bed of keener suffering,  
then when strong men's hearts fail  
them, when their nerves are unstrung,  
when quaking fear or hopeless despon-  
dency takes possession of their souls, the  
frail, weak woman rises with a calm de-  
termination to meet the demands of the  
terrible emergency, and with untrem-  
bling hand and cheerful voice she has-  
tens to perform those blessed ministrations,  
for which the might of men was  
inadequate. How many scenes of danger  
have we heard described, conflagrations,  
assassinations, shipwrecks, in which wo-  
men have with heroic patience and sub-  
mission bowed meekly to their fate, and  
have taught the sublime lessons of Chris-  
tian resignation to the husbands and  
fathers who were with them. In the  
hour of trial her weakness becomes  
strength, her sensibility is swallowed up  
in faith. There were men of renown on  
the Lady Elgin, men, whose names are  
known through the wide world but none  
of them ever did a braver or more heroic  
deed than was achieved by those nobis-  
women who sat in silence awaiting their  
doom.

[Eastern Paper.]

AVERAGE YIELD OF WHEAT IN MIN-  
NESOTA.—The St. Paul Times says:

"At the Farmer's Club, held at the  
Fort Buildings, on the evening of the  
29th ult., and, after a thorough inter-  
change of the views of the farmers from  
various portions of the State, it was de-  
cided that the average yield of wheat in  
Minnesota for 1880 will be twenty-eight  
bushels to the acre. This is a universally  
admitted fact by farmers in all sections of  
the State. No other Western State can  
boast of such a yield."

HIS OWN FATHER.—On Friday eve-  
ning an old man, named James George,  
while returning from a meeting at La-  
trobe, was run over by the lightning train  
on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in-  
stantly killed. The train was stopped as  
soon as possible, and one of the brakes-  
men, going back to where the body lay,  
was horrified to find, in the mutilated re-  
mains, the person of his own father.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has  
issued a proclamation declaring Wm.  
Lehman duly elected to Congress from  
the first district.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Be sure you are right and then go  
aband.

—Letters, newspapers and young wo-  
men should be mailed.

—How to describe a circle—Wait till  
your wife has put on her crinoline.

—Virtue or wisdom is the beauty of  
the mind, and vice its deformity.

—Knowledge alone is the greatest  
good, and ignorance the greatest evil.

—An Albany paper thinks it is wo-  
men and not her wrongs that ought to be  
redressed.

—Why is four cent sugar like a man  
that never surrendered? Because it's clear  
grit and nothing else.

—Why is a pretty woman like corn in  
a time of scarcity? Because she ought  
to be husbanded.

—Pray, madam, why did you name  
your old hen Macduff? "Because, sir,  
I want her to 'lay on'."

—Some poetical genius calls a beau-  
tiful woman's waist, "the isthmus of  
heaven and earth."

—A wine dealer of Cincinnati an-  
nounces as a recommendation of his Ma-  
deria, that he uses no cockroaches.

—"Old age is approaching," as the  
little boy said when the old man was af-  
ter him for stealing his apples.

—A yankee with the yellow fever,  
may very properly be called a northern  
man with southern principles.

—If you want to kiss a pretty girl,  
why, kiss her—if you can. If a pretty  
girl wants to kiss you, why, let her—like  
a man.

—A yankee has invented a plague  
which kills off all who don't pay the  
printer. It would make sad havoc in  
these parts.

—Primin's "Tapers no sort of use of  
maxin's suet a juss about the (taper) ap-  
p'art it is only setting tapers together like  
c Taps.

—A Kentuckian being asked how  
much corn he raised, answered, about ten  
barrels of whiskey besides what we waste  
d making bread.

—Hilloa, there! what's your hurry;  
where are you going? "Going, I'm run-  
ning for an office." "What office?"—  
"The Squire's office; why, darn it, I'm  
sued!"

—The woman who undertook to scour  
the woods has abandoned the job, owing  
to the high price of soap. The last that  
was heard of her she was skinning the  
sea.

—Pat, what is the reason that you  
and your wife always disagree? "O be  
jabbers, it's kase we're both of  
one mind; she wants to be masher and  
so do I!"

—People who are always talking of  
sentiment, usually have no very deep feel-  
ings. The less water you have in your  
kettle, the sooner it begins to make a  
noise and smoke.

—"I don't care so much about the  
bugs," said Mr. Worley to the head of  
the genteel private boarding house in  
which he dwells, "but the fact is, mad-  
am, I haven't got the blood to spare, you  
see that yourself."

—"See, nurse, see!" exclaimed a de-  
lightful papa, as something like a smile  
radiated the face of his infant; "an angel  
is whispering to it!"  
"No, sir," replied the matter-of-fact  
nurse, "it's only the wind on its stom-  
ach!"

—"I say, printer, do you take Man-  
hattan money?"

"No."

"What's the reason—ain't it good?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take it then?"

"Can't get it."

—A printer, meddling with the ver-  
dict of a coroner's jury, struck out a com-  
ma after the word "apoplexy," making it  
read thus: "Deceased came to his death  
by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy  
in the minds of the jury."

—"Mr. Brown, you say the defend-  
ant was honest and intelligent. What  
makes you think so—are you acquainted  
with him?"

"No, sir."

"Why, then do you come to such a  
conclusion?"

"Cause he takes TEN newspapers, and  
pays for them all in ADVANCE!"

—The self-examining society has pro-  
posed the following queries to all people  
about this period:

Does it cost anything to print a news-  
paper?

How long can a printer furnish a pa-  
per without pay?

Do printers eat, drink and wear cloth-  
ing?

If they do, how do they get it?

Do I pay for my paper?

Is not this a first rate time to call and  
pay up!